

# ARYKNOLL



*Formerly*

**The Field Afar**  **June 1943**



*Archbishop Cantwell, of Los Angeles, confers on Madame Chiang Kai-shek the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Loyola University*

## **The "Missimo" speaks to America**

**H**OLLYWOOD BOWL, filled to capacity, was the scene of the last official public address of Madame Chiang Kai-shek to the American people. Following this talk, newspapers throughout the land commented not only on the excellence of the lovely visitor's English, but even more frequently on her deep spirituality. In China's First Lady we have seen the Christianity of the Western world united with the agelong wisdom, beauty, and graciousness of the Orient.

The source of Madame Chiang Kai-shek's spiritual strength lies revealed in her own words:

*"Prayer is our source of guidance and balance. God is able to enlighten the understanding. I am often bewildered, because my mind is only finite. I question and doubt my own judgments. Then I seek guidance, and when I am sure, I go ahead, leaving the results with Him."*

# MARYKNOLL

Formerly THE FIELD AFAR

*Maryknoll, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul*



We're signaling, too, for interest in all nations, in all men. All that is needed is the whole-hearted co-operation of you, and a million others like you.

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*Travel lanes of the post-war world will pass over the North Pole*

## **How small the world**

by REV. MARK TENNIEN

WHEN the last shot of this war will have been fired, it will signal the end of the world we have known. The world of today will be dead. The world of tomorrow will have been born.

What will this world of tomorrow be like? For one thing, it will seem to us far different from anything we know now. To see the "futurama" of this new world, you will have to look at it from on high. Let me explain.

The other day, on leaving Maryknoll headquarters here in Chungking, I climbed aboard an American bomber. In a few short moments after leaving the ground, the plane was roaring above

the forbidden land of Tibet. On we rushed. Off to one side, Mount Everest glistened in the sun. With a lurch, the plane dipped over the fertile plains of India, soon to land with a bump on the Bombay airport.

As I climbed out of the bomber, I thought of the trip I had just made. It had taken me only a few hours to come from Chungking to Bombay, and in that time I had crossed over some of the wildest terrain on earth. I had looked down on trails over which missionaries had labored on journeys that covered less distance than mine, but which took many months. These pioneers had trav-

eled painstakingly over mountains and valleys, and had been subject to every caprice of the weather; while I had sat in the comfort of a temperature-controlled plane.

#### ***Timetables gone haywire***

The airplane has built a strange, new world. It has brought unlimited opportunities to men. I wonder how many people realize that Chungking is only a day and a half from New York? That's practically in your own backyard! When I came to China in 1928, the trip took thirty-one days. Now this schedule has been scrapped; the new timetable calls for thirty-eight hours!

It will be interesting to see the geography books that will be written in post-war years. Anyone now out of grammar school is going to get a considerable surprise. Not only have timetables gone haywire, but directions have been reversed. For example, let us say you are in San Francisco and want to go to Bombay, India. Yesterday you would have sailed westward across the Pacific. Today you get in a plane, head east over the United States, cross Iceland, refuel in Moscow, and end up in Bombay. It's the shortest way!

The new center of the world is the North Pole. Surprised? Well, if you need convincing, take out your globe of the world. Put it on the floor and look down on it. Suppose you want to go from London to Pearl Harbor. What is the shortest distance? Why, right over the North Pole! Try this with other places: Panama to Singapore, Bagdad to El Paso, or where you will.

The reason for this shifting center of the world is that the world is top heavy: most of its land is above the equator.

Now, instead of getting from place to place by following the earth's girth, we merely take the airplane and fly the shortest route.

Yes, it's a wonderful new world that airpower has opened up to us. There is no place on the globe farther away than sixty hours from your home-town airport. People whom we once thought remote and distant are now our neighbors. Anything that happens any place in the world is happening close to us, and becomes our immediate concern. No longer are there impassable frontiers and natural barriers.

#### ***All the world's your neighbor***

Thus with Kuibyshev as near to us as Kalamazoo, our responsibility towards our neighbors increases. We can no longer argue that distance lessens our obligations.

These new opportunities demand the attention of missionaries. Maryknoll will now be able to help people more effectively and more quickly.

In the old days, it sometimes took two years for missionaries to get to their posts from Europe, yet hundreds and thousands went out to bring Christ to all men.

Now, with space shrinking and difficulties diminishing, the young men and women of America must be increasingly generous in offering their lives for mission work. We shall be surrounded with peoples who have never heard of the teachings of Christ.

Once we might have been excused because of the difficulties of reaching these peoples. Not so today. We cannot ignore the family next door.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Next month Father Tennien will describe his trip over Tibet.



*All things therefore whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them.*

—Matt. 7, 12



## ***The most bombed man in China***

*by REV. ALBERT J. NEVINS*

**I**F ANY MAN has been on the receiving end of enemy bombs more often than Father Russell Sprinkle, we have yet to hear of him.

Father Sprinkle was assigned to the Maryknoll Wuchow field in South China and arrived there some seven years ago. He claims Middletown, Ohio, as his home. One of the many bombs which have just missed our Ohioan exploded in his mission back yard. Amongst the shrapnel, Father found a piece labeled "Cleveland, Ohio."

"So!" he exclaimed. "A gift from the people of my Buckeye State!"

Stories about Father Sprinkle have taken on something of a legendary character among the Chinese. This is due partly to his great zeal and untiring energy, but also to the fact that he careens about the countryside on a

broken-down motorcycle that another missioner discarded years since. He runs beside the motorbike to start the motor, pulls all sorts of wires that he has rigged up, and then speeds away so fast that the open-mouthed natives wonder if he will come back alive.

A while ago, as the Japanese were again making a target of the mission back yard, they hit the shed Father Sprinkle had erected for his motorcycle. When the worst was over, he ventured forth to dig "Lizzie" out of her collapsed garage. Her condition appeared to be serious, but the missioner found that a few more wires wound about her here and there would still make her go.

After this near miss for Lizzie and himself, Father Sprinkle took to riding out into the country during air raids. As he was speeding along one day, he

came to a wide ditch spanned only by a narrow plank. He gave Lizzie the gas. They missed the plank and both landed in the mud and water—six feet below.

On another occasion, he was caught in the open by an enemy plane. Abandoning poor Lizzie, he dived into the mud of a near-by rice field. The plane swooped down with its machine guns blazing! After it had gone, he found a few more holes in Lizzie.

Some months ago, Father Sprinkle was called to Wuchow City itself. He had hardly arrived there when an American pilot crashed into the two feet of mud that covered the airport. Father hurried to the flyer's assistance. Besides aiding the pilot to get cleaned up, he acted as interpreter, helped to dismantle the plane, and then guided the United States aviator and his P-40 hundreds of miles to safety.

Since Father Sprinkle has been in Wuchow, the enemy has hammered the city time and time again. The missionary has had several close calls, but each time has emerged unscathed. He has always refused to go into air-raid shelters, feeling that he ought to be on hand if needed. But after his experience of a few days ago, he admits that a shelter is a good place to be in when it is raining bombs.

In this most recent bombing, Father Sprinkle and Father James Smith were alone in the city mission. About noon, the two priests heard the siren on North Mountain give quick, short screams. This meant that enemy planes were headed for Wuchow. The mission church bell took up the warning. A few minutes later a lone Zero came flying in low to see if there were any anti-aircraft guns. There weren't. It swooped away.

Some Chinese started to dash for the caves in the North Mountain. They knew from past experience that the Zero would radio to the Japanese bombers to come in. But the fugitives were too late. Already in the distance the hum

of motors could be heard, growing constantly louder. People running for shelter threw themselves into open doorways or crouched behind pillars.

The missionaries stood at a window, watching the bombers approach. Through field glasses Father Sprinkle counted twenty-eight twin-engine bombers! The hum crescendoed into a roar as the planes came in low over the city. Several bombers broke formation and headed for the airport across the river. Flat-nosed bombs tumbled towards the ground. The priests saw the dirt, smoke, and fire rise from the field as if from an erupting volcano.

#### **Bombs bursting in air**

Then came a crash nearer to the mission. Father Sprinkle knew that the city was in for it this time. Suddenly the priests saw a plane heading directly towards them. Bombs were dropping from its open bays. There was no time for thought, but instinctively both missionaries fell flat on the floor.

To the sound of a deafening explosion, the house rocked and swayed. The glass in the windows crashed; window frames and doors were splintered; chairs and tables were hurled against the walls. Tiles, bricks, and dirt rained down on every side, as the priests lay in a stifling smoke cloud.

When the debris had stopped falling, the missionaries stood up. Father Sprinkle's Chinese coat had been ripped from his back, and one of the lenses in Father Smith's eyeglasses was smashed. Neither priest, save for a few scratches, was injured. The house next door had suffered a direct hit, and four stories of it had caved in. The damage at the mission had all come from concussion.

Suddenly the missionaries' ringing ears became aware of a new sound—the crackling of fire. The planes had dropped incendiaries also. The priests rushed to the door. Flames were eating their way into the ruins of wrecked

houses around the mission. Across the street was a carpenter's shop, flames spouting from every window. Black smoke was spiraling towards the sky, and fires were leaping up on three sides of the mission.

From the bombed house next door came cries for help. People trapped in the ruins were begging for release before the fire should reach them. Father Sprinkle mobilized the cook, the houseboy, and the teachers, who were dazed but safe in another building on the mission grounds. One teacher ran to call a fire hose into the area. The priests organized the other helpers into a bucket brigade.

Back and forth with buckets they ran, between the emergency tank and the fires. Their backs ached, their hands became blistered and burned, their legs buckled with fatigue. But they were the only barrier between the flames and the screaming sufferers. Stretcher bearers came and worked frantically against time. Men, women and children were being dragged from the ruined apartment house.

Some of the helpers fainted when they saw people taken out of the debris with parts of limbs blown off. Others were recklessly brave, exposing themselves to the creeping flames as they dug for buried victims. The sufferers who had only minor injuries were left on the mission porch, while the dying were rushed off to a hospital.

All afternoon the Fathers kept fighting the fires. Towards dusk the fire hoses came up, but the priests did not stop working. Instead they turned to help the injured and dying.

The Government buildings, five hundred feet away, were burning. A girls' school next door to them was demolished. Behind that, the Red Cross Hospital had been blown in every direc-

tion. Into the ruins went the missionaries. They dug through water and rubble. Now and then they discovered a living person; but more often they found only charred and crushed remains.

Down the streets they passed, amid smoldering, smoking ruins. They saw wailing women sitting on piles of rubble that once were homes to them. They found little children crying for mothers who would never return. Rescue squads were heaping up mangled corpses. People were patiently digging in the ruins of their dwellings to get food for the next morning.

Bishop Donaghy, who had been in another part of the city with several other missionaries, finally caught up with Fathers Sprinkle and Smith. The whole group started to work anew. They opened relief stations. The police brought the needy to them. Money was given out to families who had lost everything in the raid, and rice was distributed to feed hungry multitudes. Children were reunited with their parents, and parents with their children.



When Father Sprinkle at last dragged himself home to bed, the next day's sun was just coming up. As he was about to enter the mission, a thought crossed his mind that made him hasten to a corner of the property. There a shed lay in ruins. He tore away the planks and viewed sadly the remains of the motorbike.

Father Smith found him standing there some moments later.

"Lizzie is dead," was the way Father Sprinkle greeted him. But I do not think that Lizzie is dead. Father Sprinkle is just tired. In a few days he will get out some wire and then he and Lizzie will go careening over the South China roads again.

It will take more than a bomb to stop that combination.

## MEN OF MARYKNOLL



**No place for flat feet**—I had hardly arrived home when a sick call came in from Lam Nian. I set out on this twenty-mile hike over the mountains. It took six hours to reach the place. I gave the Last Sacraments to the matriarch of the village. She was born in 1857, and she is my oldest Christian. Although blind and bedridden, she is faithfully saying three Rosaries daily for all missionaries.

During the six-hour return trip, I figured that within the past week I had walked 103 miles on sick calls. China is no place for a man with flat feet!

—*Father Richard Rhodes,  
of San Francisco,  
now in Tsiahang, China*

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**"I never thought of that"**—Father Fedders asked one of our Chinese students why he always spilled his rice all over the table when eating. He pointed out how careful the other students were in this regard.

The answer came quick as a flash: "But you don't understand, Father. The reason I spill the rice all over the table is not because I am careless about eating; it is because I fill the bowl too full. If the bowl is too full, how can I help spilling the rice?"

Father Fedders said, "Then take less rice."

The boy looked up, smiling. "I never thought of that," he admitted.

—*Father Stephen Edmonds,  
of Cambridge, Mass.,  
now in Tanchuk, China*

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**Noah's Ark**—Our spirits were considerably dampened by two floods. There were problems this year that we haven't experi-

enced in previous floods. Our cow is a non-amphibian and had to be moved to the second-floor porch. The same was true of the orphanage pig. The pig was a slippery customer. It squealed to high heaven. I don't know whether the cow was enticed upstairs, or coerced. I was at one end, hauling on a rope attached to the cow's nose, while the cook brought up the rear with the aid of a bamboo stick.

We have a unique method of flood control here. When the deluge threatens, we stand at the front gate and watch for the water to reach it. Then we make a mad dash to carry everything floatable upstairs. This method isn't infallible. Sometimes the water moves faster than we do. Then we have a drying-out spell. This is also good, because things get washed and dried that never would otherwise.

—*Father Francis J. O'Neill,  
of Woonsocket, R. I.,  
now in Toishan, China*

•  
**No bargains wanted**—At the refugee camp an old man was carried into the dispensary on his bed. He had an ulcer on his leg, the largest we have ever seen. Half of the shin bone was exposed.

While Father Greene was treating the leg, the old man's daughter-in-law said, "If you cure him, I'll join the Church."

"Is that so?" said Father Greene. "We don't want you to join the Church for that reason. If you want to study the doctrine, go ahead. Then you can join the Church because you believe the doctrine is good."

The girl went home and thought it over. She returned later saying: "I will become a Catholic whether my father-in-law is healed or not."

—*Father Edwin J. McCabe,  
of Providence, R. I.,  
now in Kweilin, China*

## ***The fall and rise of Stephen Foo***

*by REV. ROBERT W. GREENE*

**S**TEPHEN FOO was among the richest of Hong Kong's great merchant princes. Everything he touched was transformed into gold. It seemed as if life had nothing more to offer him.

He had always considered poverty a curse of inferior men. Beggars aroused his disgust, but not his sympathy. If people would not work and scheme for money, then it was only fitting that they should starve. The idea of helping the poor had never entered his mind.

Stephen Foo was not unduly disturbed by the tidings of Pearl Harbor and the subsequent Japanese moves in the Pacific. "Business may be bad for a few weeks," he thought, "but, after all, Hong Kong is impregnable. It flies the flag that knows no sunset. It has weathered many wars."

### ***"Can this be Stephen Foo?"***

But for once the merchant was mistaken. Into his big house poured the small men of the north, showing scanty respect for his art collections and costly furnishings. His shops also were ransacked. In no time the Japanese had his property, his money, and Stephen Foo himself. Since the latter was of no particular use to the conquerors, they turned him out, penniless and frightened.

Conditions in Hong Kong became a nightmare of horror. People were starving, and men were being taken away to labor camps. Stephen Foo decided to leave. He took to the road, along with thousands of other refugees.

The merchant prince of Hong Kong was now to experience hunger, loneliness, and mortal weariness. He often felt he could not take another step. At first he refused to beg, but hunger and

fatigue got the better of his pride. One day he found his hand involuntarily extended in an appeal for alms, the gesture he had so thoroughly despised in that other life which had so abruptly and strangely receded.

He watched with avid eagerness as a small, shining coin curved through the air and dropped at his feet. Then he reached quickly and snatched it up. It seemed to him that he had two personalities. One was murmuring to his benefactor, "Thank you! Thank you!" The other was whispering in shocked surprise, "Can this be Stephen Foo?"

The same question tormented him that night and for many nights to come, as he curled up in some ditch and sought, for his cold and numb body, the oblivion of sleep. His mind would go back to the palatial house in Hong Kong. There, in luxury and splendor, had once lived Stephen Foo. To his home had come daily the great lords of business, to be wined and dined as befitting princes of their station. Had they, too, all been transformed into beggars, he wondered.

### ***A puzzling report***

Stephen was by no means alone in the weary trek over the South China roads, but he was lonely. The thousands traveling his way were, like himself, starving, carrying on by the mere will to live. No one was interested in his plight.

Finally Stephen arrived in Kweilin. He found the city already jammed with refugees. Mothers were searching for little ones lost in the terror of a bombing attack, and war orphans wandered about begging and stealing. Misfortune had beaten the former merchant prince down to the level of the other refugees.

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For want of companionship, he mingled freely with them now, and listened to their gossip. One report he heard was very puzzling. Several told him of generous foreigners who gave away rice and money.

"Who ever heard of people giving away money?" Stephen jeered. "Certainly I never knew foreigners to do it!"

Nevertheless, he one day followed some other refugees to a little house surmounted with a gilded cross. He saw foreign men passing out soup and rice. After a time he mustered courage to stand in line for his own portion. As he was hungrily eating it, one of the American priests approached and slipped something into his hand.

"This will help to put you on your feet," the missioner said.

He walked on at once, leaving a mystified Stephen Foo gazing at more money than he had seen in months. Afraid that this odd foreigner might change his mind, Stephen hurried away. He bought a little stock of goods with the money and peddled them in the city. When the first goods were sold, he bought more. His business ability manifested itself. Soon he had enough capital to open a small shop.

One thing still bothered him—the riddle of the American priests. He finally decided to pay them a visit. He found Father Edwin McCabe at the Maryknoll mission, and was amazed to discover how easy it was to talk to the priest.

"Why did you help me?" Stephen asked.

"Because my religion teaches me to help all men," was the simple reply.

"But my people are not your people," the Chinese persisted.

"We all have one common Father," explained Father McCabe. "He bids us to use a language which everyone can understand."

"And what language is that?" Stephen wondered.

The answer came without hesitation, "Mercy and love."

Still puzzled, Stephen Foo returned again and again to the mission. One day Father McCabe gave him a small Chinese catechism, saying, "This will answer all your questions."

The catechism was a challenge to the man's innate ambition. He became the old Stephen Foo, intent on mastering a difficult task. At the same time, as he progressed, a very new and different Stephen Foo was born within him.

On the day of his baptism, there was a lull in the incessant bombings of Kweilin. Birds sang in a bamboo thicket outside the makeshift chapel, and

the quiet sky over the dawn-illumined mountains was at peace. So, too, was the soul of Stephen Foo.

The broken arc of his life had been made gloriously whole. There was now neither perplexity nor loneliness, for he could say with Saint Paul: "I am sure that neither death nor life, nor things present, nor things to come shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus Our Lord."



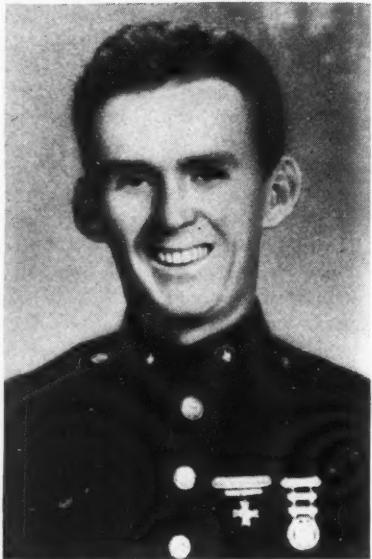
Stephen Foo was numbered among Hong Kong's great merchant princes

## **Friends in the service**

**S**CARCELY a day passes that our postman doesn't bring some welcome surprise from our Maryknoll friends in the service. It gives us a thrill to realize that these men fighting in remote places of the earth think enough of our work to take time out and send a message winging our way.

Included in the letters are many from relatives of Maryknollers. One of the latest to arrive is from Lieutenant Richard K. O'Hara, of Cortland, New York, nephew of Maryknoll's Father Thomas V. Kiernan and now pilot of a Flying Fortress based in England. Here's a bit from Dick's letter:

"The visiting chaplain came to our field to bless my Flying Fortress. He placed it under the care of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. I am waiting to go on my first trip over Europe. We finished attending a mis-



*Lt. John A. McNiff, of Peabody, Mass.*

sion for the Catholics in this air unit, and had a Communion breakfast at the end. All of us admitted we had made the best confessions of our lives. We received Holy

Communion as frequently as possible. Actually, we have our Masses and Communion breakfast in the evening, owing to the new privileges granted to men in service. This fits in better with our routine."

### ***In the South Seas***

**A**MARINE pilot found that Maryknoll was well known in every South Sea island he visited while ferrying planes across the Pacific. At each stop he found Marist priests and Sisters, doing splendid mis-

*Lt. Richard K. O'Hara, of Cortland, N. Y.*



sionary work. Corporal John A. McNiff wrote to his brother, a Maryknoll seminarian, that the reception given him at these mission outposts was always a warm and hearty one.

But when Corporal John happened to mention that his brother Jim was due to be ordained a Maryknoll missioner in a couple of years, then nothing was too good for him! He was surprised to find upon arriving home that he was promoted to Lieutenant.



*Arthur L. McKay, of San Francisco*

#### **A "charmed life"**

THE boys in the Navy are beginning to think that Seaman Arthur L. McKay, brother of Maryknoll's Father Francis McKay and Sister Margaret Ann, leads a charmed life. He has survived the sinking of two ships. At the time the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Arthur was attending Mass at the Maryknoll House in Honolulu. Hurrying to the docks, he discovered that he was a sailor without a boat! But not for long. He sailed for Guadalcanal aboard the ill-fated cruiser, *Astoria*.

Once again the watchful eye of his good angel pulled him through. He picked the middle of the battle to run up the "wrong" stairs at the right time. If he had gone up the "right"



*Lt. Teresa M. Crowley, of New York*

stairs, he would have met a shell coming down them. Along with many of his companions, he received commendation from the Navy for "sticking to the ship." He mentioned that his "charmed life" is due to the prayers of his Maryknoll family. Incidentally, he said that the Maryknoll Sisters in Hawaii make the best chocolate cake in the whole world!

#### **Senior Spar Officer**

HATS off to another Maryknoll friend in the service, Lieutenant Teresa M. Crowley, former Director of the Carroll Club and now Senior Spar Officer at the New Hunter College Training Station. Lieutenant Crowley has always been a devoted co-worker and booster of Maryknoll. As head of the Carroll Club, she won for us many friends. Although her duties for the duration will keep her occupied with the training of young women for Uncle Sam's Navy, we feel sure that she will continue putting in those few good words for us here and there.

## Out of Latin America

### Bricks and bolivianos

DURING the month we have finally succeeded in constructing a wall around our open-air church. Visitors to Villa Victoria, a suburb of La Paz, Bolivia, can attest to the necessity of the wall. Work has likewise commenced on the *galpon*, which is an adobe shelter that will serve as our church. That is, it will serve until the bolivianos (a coin worth at present about two cents) add up to the amount necessary to build a real one.

Our average Sunday collection is about fifty cents and a hundred and fifty adobe bricks. An Indian can make adobes with only water and sand, whereas it takes sweat and tears to make bolivianos. The business of building an adobe wall is comparable to building a skyscraper at home.

—*Father James A. Flaherty, of Philadelphia*

### Concerning "charkey"

The little motor launch that runs to Cavinas in Bolivia is recommended for all things save its cuisine. All we had to eat during the entire trip was rice and "charkey." This latter is a most unpalatable, malodorous form of dried meat. Even the rats shy away from it, although other small beasts and worms seem to relish it very much.

When I first came on the boat and saw it piled up in one corner in big squares, I thought it was green hides and hoped we should soon be delivered from their hideous odor. It was both a surprise and a disappointment to find the cook beating the life out of it in a

wooden bowl and preparing to serve it for lunch.

Like a good missioner, I tried some. That was as far as I got. No matter how hard I tried, it just wouldn't go down. I am told that when it has been washed and soaked it can be made into a very palatable dish. But I'm from Missouri, as far as "charkey" is concerned.

—*Father Gorden N. Fritz, of Newport, Minnesota*

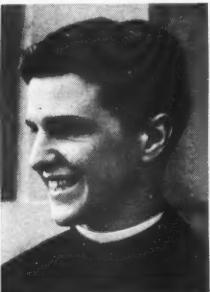
### Guatemala smiles

We were hot and dirty from our trip, and our only refuge was a ramshackle restaurant. The breakfast consisted of *tortillas* and coffee. After breakfast we went down to the river to see about crossing to Guatemala. There were a couple of canoes, and the ferryman smiled to get our trade. We jumped into the local edition of the sampan, for the last stretch to our mission.

As we crossed the swiftly running stream, the setting made us think of Africa. The people on the opposite shore all seemed very friendly. It was wonderful to have finally reached our mission. We felt a sense of homecoming, and the friendly smiles were very welcome.

—*Father Arthur F. Allie, of Two Rivers, Wisconsin*

Rev. James Flaherty



Rev. Gorden Fritz



## Along the river front

The Indians gave us a great reception at Cavinas. It took us five nights and four days to travel upstream on the Beni River, from Riberalta to our destination. Much time was consumed by the boat company in barter. Up in this country, there is no buying of things with money, so the boat officials exchanged goods for the Indians' balls of rubber.

Every time I travel on one of these launches, it breaks my heart to think we do not own one. With a chapel boat, we could cover the territory along the river front where many of our people live. It would be possible to stop here and there for a few days, to instruct and baptize as the need arises. Meantime, we'll do what we can.

—Bishop Alonso M. Escalante,  
of New York City

## "Language of Adam"

Last week an old Indian woman of Villa Victoria and her granddaughter approached me on the street. The old lady informed me that I ought to give them a room in our house. She said they were living in a field way up on the high plateau.

Evidently, the Aymara grandmother knows her New Testament. I promised her I would look for a place for them.

She gave me back a smile that would tickle the heart of Scrooge. There are many such cases in our "parish" of 30,000 Indians.

We recently decided to add

to our study of Spanish a further and more arduous venture into the bewildering Aymara tongue, so essential to our work here. Some anthropologists call

Aymara the language of Adam. Lining the language up with the theory that the Aymara Indian is the oldest human, the anthropologists claim that Aymara is the

mother tongue of all languages. However, we are at a loss to find any resemblance between it and any language we are acquainted with. Maybe someone else can.

For example, in Aymara the word for "charity" is "kyhuyapayana." The word for carpenter is rather typical and quite cute: "llajgliliri." (These are not typographical errors.)

We have discovered a fine use of onomatopœia. The Aymara word for "joyfully" is "haha," proving at least that the early Aymara had a sense of humor.

Tenses are built up by case endings. Take the verb "to love." "I may love" is "munirists." "You should love" is "munirisquiriscasma." "They may have loved" is "muniriscascasheriscayasa." So, rather than use a lot of different words, the Aymara hitch a galaxy of suffixes to the simple stem. This method is fine for economizing on words, but rather hard on the teeth, especially when they are false. If you talk too fast, instead of words, your teeth come out. That's embarrassing!

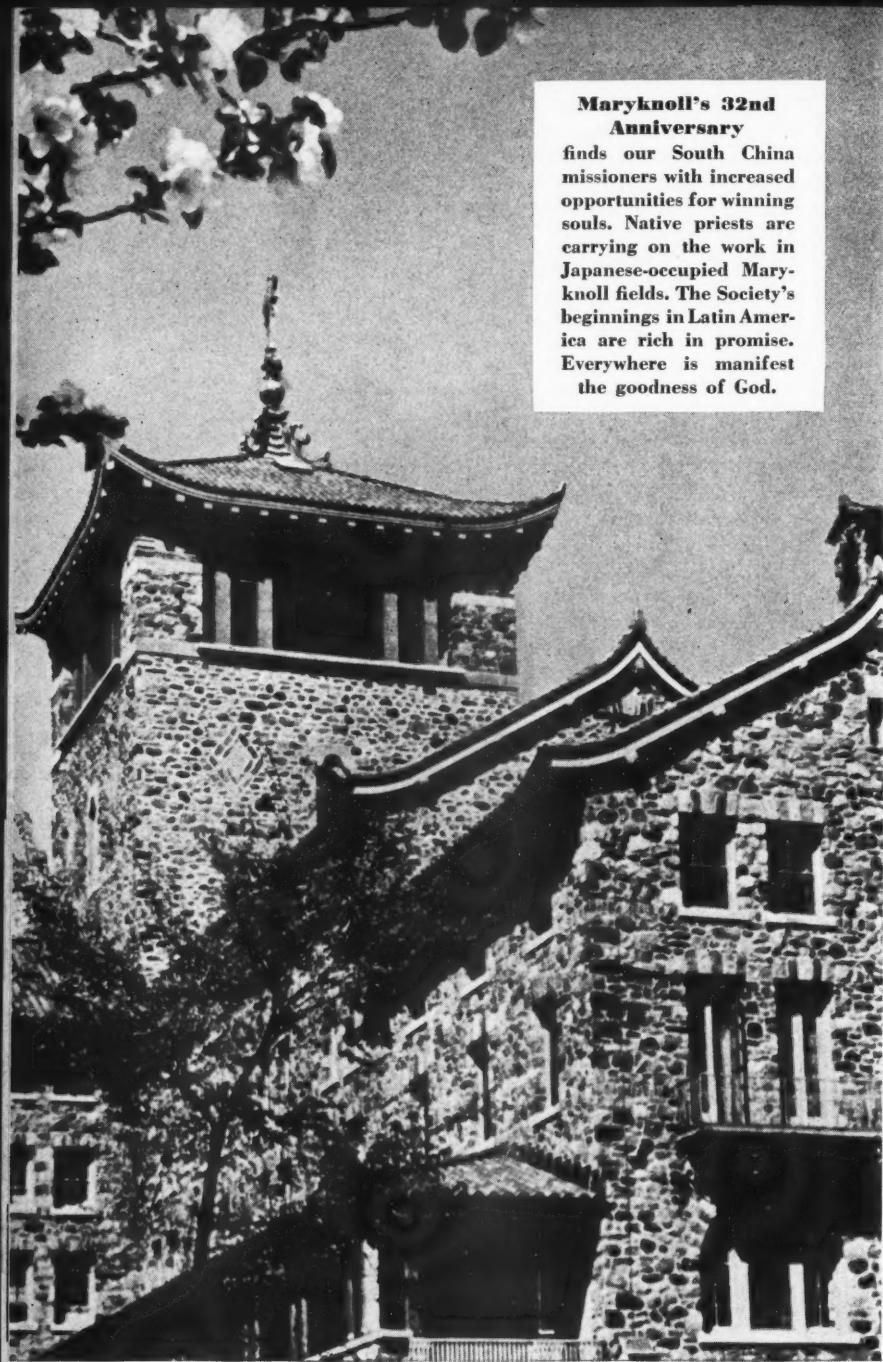
—Father Frederick P. Walker,  
of East Boston

Rev. Frederick Walker



Bishop Alonso Escalante





**Maryknoll's 32nd  
Anniversary**

finds our South China  
missioners with increased  
opportunities for winning  
souls. Native priests are  
carrying on the work in  
Japanese-occupied Mary-  
knoll fields. The Society's  
beginnings in Latin Amer-  
ica are rich in promise.  
Everywhere is manifest  
the goodness of God.



*The above picture was taken at Riberalta, Bolivia, before Bishop Escalante's consecration. With him are Riberalta's mayor and several other officials*

## **Consecration in Mexico**

BISHOP Alonso M. Escalante was consecrated in Mexico City on the ninth of May. Although he is a naturalized United States citizen and has been a Maryknoller since his entrance into our preparatory seminary in 1920, he was born in Merida, Mexico.

When the Archbishop of Mexico City, the Most Rev. Luis M. Martinez, D.D., heard that a native of Mexico and a member of a United States Mission Society was to be made Vicar Apostolic of the Maryknoll Pando Mission in Bolivia, he expressed a desire to consecrate the new Bishop at the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, so sacred to all Latin-American Catholics.

The Bolivian hierarchy were pleased with this proposal, hoping that the occasion might serve to emphasize in a striking manner the unity of Faith of all Catholics of both continents.

The co-consecrators were the Most Rev. Mariano S. Garriga, D.D., Coadjutor of Corpus Christi, Texas, and the Most Rev. George J. Donnelly, D.D., Auxiliary of St. Louis. The sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Miguel D. Miranda, D.D., Bishop of Tulancingo, Mexico. From the Maryknoll Center in New York went the Society's Superior General, Bishop James E. Walsh, and Father Joseph P. Ryan.

Bishop Escalante brings to his South American mission field the apostolic experience of a decade in Manchukuo. He will be assisted by a score of Maryknoll priests and by the Maryknoll Sisters.

His motto is *Major Caritas*. "Faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity" (*1 Corinthians XIII: 13*). Charity is a language the Bolivian Indians of the Pando will have no difficulty in understanding.



*Maryknoll's Father Arthur F. Allie misses the Korean schoolchildren. Repatriated on the Gripsholm, he is now in Guatemala*

## **Korea tomorrow**

by BISHOP WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

**K**OREA traces her legendary history back four thousand years; but during that long expanse of time, she has had little opportunity indeed to enjoy the "four freedoms."

Politically her destiny of vassal-and-buffer state has placed her among history's stepchildren. From the earliest times, she was more or less directly subject to the Chinese, who conquered her by ideas rather than by force of arms. Chinese civilization streamed through the Korean peninsula into Japan.

In 1592, while Elizabeth reigned in England, Japanese armies invaded Korea, and they were not expelled until 1598. During the years of occupancy, the invaders transported a whole colony

of Korean potters to Japan. The celebrated Satsuma ware had its origin in this act of force.

After Japan conquered Russia, in 1905, she proclaimed a protectorate over Korea. For forty centuries the Land of the Morning Calm had managed to maintain a semblance of national life, but there has been nothing shadowy about the suzerainty of Japan.

### **Souls naturally Christian**

In spite of Korea's secular lack of political freedom, there is in the souls of her people an innate longing for the truth which alone can make men free.

Christianity was not first brought to Korea by missionaries. A Korean scholar

was, in 1783, a member of the yearly embassy to China. He was instructed and baptized in Peking. On his return, he and a group of friends preached the new religion in the peninsula, where it spread rapidly. The Gospel had been known in Korea hardly a year when persecution arose, and the Korean Church had its first martyr.

A Chinese priest was martyred in Korea in 1801. For over thirty years after that, there were no priests in Korea. Then the French missionaries crawled by night through a drain in the bottom of Gishu's city wall, on the frontier of the forbidden land.

Most of those early missionaries were put to the sword. Blessed Andrew Kim, the first Korean priest, trod the royal road of martyrdom in 1846. Thousands of Korean Christians were tortured and slain during the successive persecutions. But the Faith spread, a living proof that the "blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians."

Persecution of Christianity in Korea in modern times has been more subtle, but no less real. During the past decade, gradual restraints have been placed by the Japanese rulers on mission work. By means of one subterfuge or another, attempts have been made to utilize

Christian schools and institutions for Government purposes. Properties have been taken over from the various Christian bodies without any attempt at fair remuneration.

Only last year the fine mission property developed by the skill and sacrificing labors of the Bavarian Benedictines at Wonsan was placed within the "protective military zone," a prelude to confiscation. The victory of the United Nations will restore to these German religious the freedom to continue their devoted work for the Church in Korea.

In its campaign of repression, the military machine did not neglect the intellectual field. The imperial censor was checking the latest edition of the New Testament in its Korean translation. In the Apocalypse he came upon the words "King of kings," "These words," he ordered, "must be deleted!"

#### ***Man proposes, but God disposes***

One means employed by the conquerors to throttle Christianity has reacted strongly to its advantage. Korean Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, were constantly urged by the Japanese to assume control of their own religious affairs. This was done under pretext of "the Orient for the Orientals," but really in the hope that the churches' resources would become a gift to the Japanese war machine.

American Protestant missionaries have established great Christian educational and medical works in Korea. Now that they and the American Catholic missionaries have been exiled from the land of their adoption, it is a consolation to know that the native clergy are in a position to carry on.

The day will come when the missionaries will return to help the native Korean Church of the future to fulfill its destiny. This glorious destiny is to serve, like the Church in the Philippines, as a Christian fortress on the ramparts of the Far East.



*Bishop William F. O'Shea, of Jersey City, N. J., Vicar Apostolic of Heijo, Korea*

## **The Voice of China**

by REV. JAMES A. MCCORMICK

**H**IS knowledge of Latin gives the Maryknoll seminarian who tackles Spanish a comforting sensation of *terra firma*. At every stage in the mastery of the language brought by the *conquistadores* and the early missionaries to South America, he recognizes familiar root forms and grammatical constructions.

On the other hand, when he embarks on the study of Chinese, he soon finds himself in uncharted seas. About then he will, no doubt, conclude that there's more to the Biblical account of the Tower of Babel than he had hitherto suspected; but his determination to help the people of China to enter a heaven which knows no Babel will continue to spur him on.

### **Mellow with age**

During the opening lecture on the study of Oriental languages at Maryknoll, the seminarians make their introductory bow to the strange, artistic characters which fill the pages of Chinese literature. After many months of study and memory work, they become familiar with the thousand and one hooks and curlicues of the written language, and learn to weave them into consecutive words and sentences.

Chinese is a language mellow with age. Although the spoken dialects of the various provinces vary so greatly as to seem like different tongues, the written characters have remained the same. The peoples who have derived their civilization from China—such as the Manchus, the Koreans, and the Japanese—have continued to use the Chinese characters. Inhabitants of these various lands could all read the same newspaper; but, without study, they could not understand one another's spoken languages.

Since there are so many variations of the Chinese language, and since the territory of Maryknoll covers so many provinces and separate countries in the Orient, it would be inadvisable for the students to learn any one of the spoken dialects before they have received their assignments to a particular field. Consequently, they concentrate on the written form, and lay the foundation for the intensive training they will undergo during their first twelve months in the section to which they will be assigned. However, their extra-curricular work comes in for considerable byplay, and snatch phrases in Chinese are bandied back and forth during meal times and recreation hours.

When the Maryknoller is ordained, he is far from proficient in his working knowledge of the Chinese language. In fact he is still a tyro, but he is well prepared to take up the study in earnest because he is well versed in its rudiments. He knows, for example, many of the characters he will encounter in his lesson books, and his ear is not "cold" to the strange sounds and tones, which are the most difficult aspect of the study.

### **"A rose by any other name"**

The various tones lend distinct meanings to apparently identical words. The missioner finds out, after a while, that a higher or a lower pitch to his voice will make a world of difference. For example, the word for "flower," if it is not properly pitched, becomes the word for "pig."

Sometimes we get the unholy thought that many Chinese would travel a good many miles for no other reason than to hear a beginner give his first sermon. Fortunately for the missioner's ego, the people of Chinese congregations are

among the politest in the entire world.

Long before Europe had realized the usefulness of a pen or stylus, the Chinese had evolved a complete system of writing. Consequently, their classics rank with the oldest in the world. Bishop Walsh, the Superior General of Maryknoll, during his many years of residence in China had an opportunity to study the finer aspects of the language. He was impressed with the charm and the delicate shades of sentiment that the ancient characters portray. In a treatise on the language, he wrote:

"In this marvelous medium the Chinese classics are enshrined, and it is not likely that any form of humanism will ever erect a more impressive monument; for although they are wistfully futile in their philosophy, as all forms of humanism must ever be, yet they are treasures of practical sense and worthy sentiment, couched in language at once as forceful and fetching as art can devise. On this goodly heritage, China has lived for ages."

#### ***Speaking in pictures***

Like several other ancient languages, Chinese had its inception in pictures. Each character, if it is traced back far enough, was drawn to represent man and some aspect of his life and activity. For example, the verb "to learn" is symbolized by the character which represents "teacher" combined with the character for "student." The word "good" is a combination of "woman" and "child," which expresses the affection which

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*Maryknollers use the Oriental brush and ink to form Chinese characters*

exists between them; while the same character, changing the "child" for "broom," means "wife." Replace the "broom" with the symbol for a "roof," and you have "peace." It is one language where humor and wisdom play a large part in its construction.

The official language of China is Mandarin. Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek speak in that language. They are understood by the well-educated people of China in whatever part of the country they speak; but the working people catch only a phrase here and there.

The mechanical process of writing Chinese is a simple matter. There are exactly 214 root forms, or "radicals," upon which structure the entire language is built. These forms are arranged in any number of different combinations—and that's all there is to it! Try it some time. It's easy.



*The following passages are taken from the sermon preached by Bishop James E. Walsh, Superior General of Maryknoll, at the Pontifical Funeral Mass of Father Drought, the Society's Vicar General, on May 4, 1943:*

## **Father Drought**

**I**N Father Drought God provided a vocation that was to fill a rôle in the life and development of Maryknoll that was only less crucial and important than that of the Founders themselves. As the development of the Society progressed—as its work expanded—as its problems increased—as its difficulties multiplied—and as some of us grew fainthearted perhaps, there was a young priest in the Society who had been closely associated with Bishop Walsh, the co-founder, and who automatically became the champion of all that was best and highest in the ideals of Maryknoll, because he was so constituted that he could not be anything else. He was the preserver of the ideal, as Bishop Walsh and Father Price were the originators of it.

All who knew Father Drought personally and well will always regard him as one of those very unusual characters that we encounter once in a lifetime. His natural gifts from God were striking and unusual, and they were gifts of mind, of heart, and of character. It is not likely that many of us have known many individuals who possessed his extraordinary mental powers, and it is very unlikely that we have known many who possessed with it the same strength of character and bigness of soul. He was evidently fashioned by God to understand everybody's needs, to sympathize with everybody's problems, to bear everybody's burdens. He had the strength and the bigness of mind and heart and soul and, I will add, the deep and exquisite charity to carry a major and giant share of all that could help

Maryknoll and its missions and its members and its large circle of friends during his lifetime.

God could have chosen this young man for almost any sort of work He wanted to have performed, because He had given him an extraordinary equipment that fitted him for major success in any human endeavor. He had not fitted him, however, to perform these labors and attain this success without a certain cost to himself, for he possessed also the fine sensibilities and delicate organism that often go with such natural gifts, and this meant that he was to carry the burden but often to suffer—and I think to suffer keenly—in doing so. Therefore God made him a priest, which is to say another Christ, conformable to His Divine Son.

The late co-founder of Maryknoll made a remark shortly before he died that I now feel at liberty to quote. Our Father General was discussing matters with an Archbishop in this country who was one of his close personal friends, and the Archbishop chanced to inquire about Father Drought in these words: "How is your Treasurer?" Father General's reply was told me by the Archbishop himself, and that is how I know it. The reply was: "He is not only my Treasurer; he is my treasure." I can understand the reason for this pronouncement on the part of the revered Founder of Maryknoll because it has been my own privilege to see and understand, at least partly, the tremendous and unique contribution of this young priest to the life and development of Maryknoll.



### ***Maryknoll's late Vicar General***

FATHER JAMES MATTHEW DROUGHT, Vicar General and Treasurer of Maryknoll, and executive editor of this magazine, died on May first of a heart attack. He was born in New York City, November 18, 1896, a son of Michael and Ann Etchingham Drought. Ordained in 1921, he was assigned to South China in 1924. Transferred to the Philippines in 1926, he was recalled in 1929 to serve on the administrative staff at the Maryknoll Center.

# MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

## ***My country***

THE best friend of every country is God, and he who does God's work performs no disservice to his own or any other country. That work is paramount from every point of view, including the patriotic, because it is a work designed by the Creator for the ultimate good of all countries. So he serves his country best who serves God best; and this remains true when his service takes the form of devotion to humanity in general, as in the case of the missioner.

It does no country good to serve it in any way that is not completely compatible with the purposes of God and the true welfare of the human family. Those who oppose God or ignore humanity in their service of country are not true patriots. They are in reality their own country's worst enemies, who are unwittingly preparing its ruination in the name of patriotism. The Christian virtue of patriotism is subordinated to God and regulated by His laws, and as such it contributes to the true welfare of the nation.

We believe that the man who gives his life to the service of God and humanity may justly be called a patriot, and that his patriotism is of the highest order and the most beneficial kind.

## ***A real gain***

ONE consoling feature of mission work today is the fact that the world is no longer able to shut its eyes to the necessity of it. The tremendous upheaval of war has shown the world its own misery, as nothing else could. It has brought to people everywhere a growing knowledge of one another's needs. This is a real gain, and now that one half of the world is actually seeing how the other half lives, the more fortunate half is impressed with the necessity of doing something about it.

We hear no more pleas to leave the teeming millions of the Orient in their tragic dedication to wrong ideals; to leave the primitive tribes of the jungles and islands in their agelong state of superstition and disease, or the hordes of Africa to an endless continuation of their hard and hopeless lives. Indeed, we hear no more pleas to leave any human beings anywhere in the opaque fog of uncertainty, doubt, fear, and hesitation that clouds the horizon of everybody outside the Christian religion.

We know today that these conditions are not good enough for any people anywhere; and thus we come to a better understanding of the world-wide mission program that seeks to rectify them for every people everywhere.

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



*America, arsenal of democracy, has weapons more powerful than its material might*

## ***"I hear America singing"***

**S**INCE Walt Whitman wrote those words, the voice of the greatest of the democracies has sounded around the world. Its powerful overtones are easy to distinguish—the roar of its bustling cities, the hum of its machinery working at top speed, the drone of giant metal wings cleaving its skies. But these overtones too often drown out the underlying theme of the mighty symphony. Our country is more than all this.

The real voice of America is heard in the Declaration of Independence, asserting that "all men are endowed with inalienable rights." It is the voice of Valley Forge calling to Gettysburg, of Gettysburg calling to Belleau Wood, and of Belleau Wood calling to every battle for freedom waged and yet to be waged by our boys in the present world conflict. It is a voice singing with ever-

swelling melody of a universal brotherhood of men in the Fatherhood of God. The theme song of America is the voice of prayer.

As Americans and as Catholics, we have no more sacred duty than to keep our country's theme song always clear and strong in our own hearts and to transmit its music to others, many of whom have been misled by the concept of the United States as a primarily industrial and capitalist nation.

Then will the peoples of the Orient and of the islands of the seas trust, unafraid, in the guidance of that great and thrilling voice, rising with it to God and to the truth which alone can make them really free.

*"As Christ died to make men holy,  
let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on."*



## **Homeless children of China**

by REV. JAMES GILLOEGLY

**D**OGGEDLY, in stumbling haste, groups of refugees plodded along the road pitted with bomb craters. Only a quarter of an hour ago planes had roared overhead and bombs had fallen. An old man and a girl had not reached the shelter of the rice fields soon enough.

Now the survivors were trying to keep on the alert.

Suddenly, from somewhere in the vanguard of the refugees' column, a cry arose, "Kweilin!" All eyes strained towards the limestone mountains and gleaming river of the city on the horizon.

It was just at this moment of renewed hope that the mother of the Li children sank down by the roadside. Her husband had been killed in the siege of Hong Kong. For weeks she had been denying herself food so that the children might have more. Her baby, Mei Mei, was only two, but heavy to carry on such a long trek.

Dimly she saw the frightened face of Li Ling, her ten-year-old girl, and heard Mei Mei's sobbing wail. Then the darkness closed in.

The rice bowl, quite empty now, was still clutched in the dead mother's hands. Li Ling loosened the still fingers, passing the bowl to her younger brother, Shungdi. Tearless, her eyes wide with a sorrow no child should know, she lifted Mei Mei in her arms and continued on the way to Kweilin.

There a Maryknoll missioner first heard of the Li orphans as a harassed relief worker searched for them in vain. Li Ling and Mei Mei were to be carried west over the mountains to Central China. There was no room in that truck for

Shungdi, the worker explained, so he had been assigned to the second truck, bound for a tropical clime.

The two trucks were starting now, grinding down the highway to the cross-roads where their pathways diverged. Bitter crying of orphaned children be-

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ing torn from their brothers and sisters sounded in the missioner's heart long after the trucks had lumbered from sight.

He turned to enter the mission compound just as three small figures crept out of the makeshift chapel. Mei Mei evidently considered this a new, highly amusing game of hide-and-seek. Shungdi tried to conceal his torn, soiled clothing and bleeding feet behind Li Ling. He was afraid of the man with the strange, light eyes and the big nose. But Li Ling was past fear. Was she not the little mother now, on whom the other two lives depended?

The missioner saw an erect little figure standing squarely to shield her brood. Dark, brave eyes mutely seconded the appeal of an outstretched, empty rice bowl. The priest spoke to her with the directness her gaze invited.

"You hid from the relief workers?" he asked.

Li Ling gravely nodded. "They wanted to take Shungdi away from me," she said.

"And now, what will you do?"

"Take care of Shungdi and Mei Mei," the child answered. "I will work if you will give us rice."

The *Shen Fu* sighed. What would the overburdened Sisters say when he brought them this additional family?

Then he lifted Mei Mei to his shoulder, and guided the Lis to their new home.

"After all," he said to the cross gleaming overhead, "I can tell the Sisters Li Ling won for her family the right of sanctuary."

#### **China's future**

The six-year scourge of invasion has taken heavy toll of China's children. No one knows how many thousands of infants have perished. The older children who survive have not all been so fortunate as Li Ling's "family." Even their fine Chinese traits are not indefinitely proof against the inroads of starvation and temptation, as they pillage in packs throughout the countryside.

Chinese who have not yet been rendered destitute by the war do their utmost to find shelter for these young wanderers and to protect them from evil influences. Missioners have thousands of Chinese orphans in their care. The work under the sponsorship of Madame Chiang Kai-shek has accomplished much. But there is still far more to be done, if the future of the great and ancient country of the four hundred millions is to be assured.

At the moment, China cannot undertake the task alone. Her future is of intimate concern to all humanity, and the United Nations owe her unstinted aid.

#### **China's Generalissimo and Lincoln**

"It is noteworthy, and perhaps characteristic of Chinese psychology, that China's leader is the world's only silent dictator. At the outset of China's rebirth, he was unknown even to the Chinese. His record since has been deeds, not words.

"He played on no emotions, stirred no throngs with hysterical harangues, above all made no bombastic boasts. He appealed to no race hatreds or mob action; indeed, he suppressed the natural reactions of enthusiastic youth that clamored for violence.

"Instead, like Lincoln, he sensed in this moment of China's crisis the need of moral principles to found a new nation, and he won the reverence of his people because of his integrity."

—BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD, M.M.



*When cool breezes blow, the Jivaro drapes himself in a series of blankets*

## **Jivaroland**

by REV. ROBERT W. GARDNER

**A**JIVARO'S house is a flimsy affair. It has reed walls and is topped with a bulging thatched roof which gives it the appearance of an upholstered mushroom. Inside, there is one room where the Jivaro, his wife, his children, and his livestock squat contentedly on the earthen floor. The thatched roof is full of activity; it is the happy hunting ground of the insect world. The larger bugs chase the lesser bugs; the rodents chase the larger bugs; occasionally the snakes chase the rodents; and, when this gets too annoying, the Jivaro chases the snakes. It makes for a busy household.

The Jivaro (it is pronounced "yib-baroo," with the same phonetic cadence as Timbuctu) is not a pleasant character. He is a fighter and a killer by tradition. He and his fellows live in the

Jivaro jungle villages which extend through a territory of ten thousand square miles of dense woodland, situated in the eastern part of Ecuador, South America. The Jivaro rarely, if ever, leaves his preserves, and he does not encourage visitors.

Jivaroland is one of the few places in South America where it is dangerous for a stranger to travel, particularly a white man. The Jivaro has a fierce, unshakable regard for his independence, plus a nasty habit, highly discouraging to visitors, of lopping off alien heads. By some process of heating, he shrinks the heads to the size of a man's fist, and then hangs them up in his house as trophies.

He is somewhat stocky in stature, *café au lait* in color, with broad features and long, coal-black hair. His haber-

dashery runs towards gay, bright feathers to adorn his coiffure, and his nether garments consist, for the most part, of generous applications of red and black paint. He rarely needs more than one fitting. When the cool breezes annoy him, he drapes himself in a series of blankets.

The Jivaro is really a dangerous fellow and his ferocity strikes a personal note at Maryknoll because Jivaroland may become a Maryknoll parish.

#### ***Monarch of all he surveys***

The head of the family is absolute monarch in his own hut. His one traditional duty is to instruct his children in the matters of Jivaro deportment. He disposes of this obligation by a daily discourse, which he delivers as soon as he arises. The lesson never varies. It is a treatise on mayhem and scientific murder.

"You must learn to kill first," he says. The children are lined up before him, giving what attention their sleep-fogged minds can muster. "It is for you to plunge your spear into the heart of your enemy, before he has a chance to strike. You must smite thus, and thus!" The father, spear in hand, makes vicious cuts at the air as he warms to his subject.

"Then you must cut off his head thus, with one single blow. When this is done, you will stick his head on your spear and bring it home to the village, so that your people will know that you are a great warrior."

At about this stage, the father points to his collection of diminutive human heads which adorn the walls. When his discourse is completed, he turns to the breakfast his wife has prepared for him. The others do not see him after that until nightfall, because he is the hunter of the family.

The sons of the house follow the customs of the father. They learn to be crafty at an early age. Their father and their father's forebears went through

the same course of training to be fighters, and it appears that this is the Jivaroes' one professional occupation.

For the women, life is another story. The wife and the daughters take care of the garden and prepare the meals. Other than that, there is very little to do, because Jivaro housekeeping is reduced to the barest minimum.

The Jivaro's temple of worship is some jungle spot of his own choosing. When he arrives there, he consumes a large quantity of a very violent narcotic herb, which puts him to sleep and produces a series of terrifying dreams. He believes that he is actually in the presence of the demons, and that they are discussing his welfare. When his head clears sufficiently, he returns home and spends considerable time restoring his physiological balance.

#### ***Missioners excepted***

Jivaroland is very fertile and rich. It contains coffee, vanilla, sugar cane, and many other articles which have an attractive market value. Naturally, foreign merchants were drawn by these sources of wealth lying around like pennies from heaven.

The Jivaroes were quick to see the outcome of foreign exploitation, and they continued to treat the white men as enemies, until the merchants gave up that part of South America as a bad job.

No traveler, at any time, has ever been able to say that the Jivaroes are a stupid people. They saw at once that the missioner was a man of entirely different caliber from the merchant. Today, the missioners are working among them.

Their independence is almost a sacred thing with them, and they want no exploitation of their manpower and their jungle preserve. They need have no fear of the missioners, because the missioner is not interested in their relationship with the world of commerce; he is interested only in their relationship with God.

## Old John Silver

by REV. JOSEPH COSCROVE

SOMETIMES there's a fortune in your back yard, and somebody else has to tell you about it. When Monsignor Romaniello stopped off at Laipo recently, he brought to our attention an uncut gem in the person of our one-legged Chinese gatekeeper.

"If Joseph were the doorman at the Waldorf-Astoria," said Monsignor, "instead of the gatekeeper of this Laipo mission, his characteristics would be Park Avenue table talk."

### ***Joseph gets the wanderlust***

Joseph, alias John Silver, hails from Anhwei Province, a thousand miles to the north of us. Reliable reports say he lost his right leg in a train accident. Like old Peter Stuyvesant, Joseph has a sturdy peg leg. In addition, a length of pine, chipped to the proper height, serves him as a walking stick. Joseph frequently uses his bit of pine to stress a point; it is useful also to ward off nasty-looking dogs.

Joseph's walking stick is really a timetable, more exact than Hitler's ever was. At nine o'clock every morning, to the minute, our gatekeeper leaves his fort and pounds his way up the walk to breakfast. We know, too, when it is time for dinner. The beat of the stick is heard outside our front door, as Anhwei's finest comes to fetch water for the dispensary, which opens shortly after our noonday repast.

Ever so often, Joseph gets into his head the idea that he'd better shake the dust of Kwangsi from his good leg and take off to Anhwei. Then we throw everything else aside, and give the matter our fullest attention. We don't want to lose Joseph. He's a good "front man," very valuable to us.

"I think I'll go back to Anhwei," he told the pastor a few days ago. "I've been in Laipo over a year now, *Shen Fu*. I think I'll go back to my home."

It is not an easy thing to dissuade Joseph when he gets the Anhwei itch. The pastor always says he'll think it over; then he lets the matter rest until Joseph's fevered brow has cooled a bit!

More often than not, our "front man" has gotten into a scrap with one of his cronies. Sad and lonesome, he figures his real friends are back in dear old Anhwei. But Joseph is the temperamental type; he soon forgets his woes, and we hear him laughing again.

When things have safely progressed to this happy stage, we have recourse to one of the secret formulas used to convince Joseph he shouldn't return to Anhwei.

Our gatekeeper is a man of gigantically prayerful proportions. He is ever surging around to inquire if there are any new societies of prayer which he may enter. This, then, is one of the inducements by which we hold Joseph anchored.

Our one-legged friend prays all day, and leans heavily towards the individualistic and mechanical style of prayer. He is always three words ahead of the congregation. However, we don't bother with this. His self-appointed role of leading the pack is perhaps his main joy in life.

### ***Order of the "Arc de Triomphe"***

Another means of retaining Joseph's esteemed services is to make capital of his hobby for membership in purely secular societies. New diplomas, costumes, and insignia of all sorts are the very breath of the old man's nostrils.

Now, the last time he sauntered up the walk with that dreaded "I-want-to-go-back-to-Anhwei" gleam in his eye, it turned out he was in the market for new society badges. Joseph already belonged to all the legitimate societies within our ken. We fell back on the Rockne formula, "When in doubt, punt!"

Thus came into existence The Ancient and Grand Order of Custodians of the *Arc de Triomphe*. We modestly admit that the colorful diploma, bedecked with gaudy ribbons and canceled stamps, was a corker. So were the induction ceremonies, and the red sash and tricorned hat which Joseph so proudly donned. His chest expanded and his happiness reached the heights. There was no more talk of Anhwei; his proposed trip was entirely forgotten.

Arrayed in splendor such as kings and emperors never knew, Joseph struts to and fro before the gate. His friends all begged to join his glamorous organization, but he has solemnly assured them it would be impossible, owing to the society's exclusive character.

#### **Our favorite comedian**

People like Joseph immensely, despite his homely face and bald head. There are plenty to vie with us in sheer admiration for the man. Folks tell us it must be nice to have a one-legged gatekeeper, for such a one is not apt to roam far. The truth is people like Joseph so well that he is always being invited out for a sip of rice wine. Then we have to go searching for him, in order to obtain the key to our own house.

We might continue at length with this pen picture of Joseph, if only we had the time. These few paragraphs were written because we feel someone outside of Laipo should have a chance to appreciate the man. We believe he would have been a great success on the stage. At all events, he's our favorite comedian here at Laipo; and we wouldn't part with him for fifty buckets of fish.

## **Maryknoll Quiz**

How many of these pioneer Maryknollers do you recognize? Readers of our magazine should score 100%. Answers are on page 46.

1. The "city of churches" was his home. In 1918, he was a member of Maryknoll's first mission band. Consecrated bishop by the late co-founder of Maryknoll, Bishop James Anthony Walsh, he is now head of a South China field inhabited by Hakka Chinese.
2. "Little man, big smile," the Maryknoll Superior General said of him, when he entered the Society's Preparatory College at the age of twelve. In 1937, he was slain by bandits in Manchukuo.
3. After he opened a new Maryknoll Mission in Korea, in 1923, his "coat of arms" was a duck, wearing a Korean horsehair hat. Now he is the only Maryknoll priest still in Japan.
4. A member of Maryknoll's first departure group, he has pioneered in South China's Kwangtung and Kwangsi Provinces for over two decades. He volunteered to remain in the Hong Kong concentration camp to help the internees.
5. After twenty-three years in South China, he still has a Scotch brogue. Pastor of Sancian Island, he is now interned by the Japanese at Canton.
6. A pioneer student of the Maryknoll Preparatory College in 1913, he became one of the Society's bishops in 1940. He is still at his mission in Fushun, Manchukuo.
7. A graduate of Smith College, she founded, under the direction of the late Bishop James Anthony Walsh, the Congregation of the Foreign Mission Sisters of Saint Dominic, known as the Maryknoll Sisters.
8. In Manchukuo, he opened a frontier region of the Maryknoll Fushun Mission where white men had not penetrated. He is now director of the Society's leper asylum in Ngai Moon, South China.
9. In 1912, as one of Maryknoll's first three students, he helped move the Society's meager possessions from Hawthorne, New York, to our present center. Now a bishop and head of the Society's Korean field, he was repatriated on the *Cripsholm*.
10. Stationed for over a decade in Rome, he is the author of a number of Maryknoll publications, the latest of which is *Across a World*.

## ***It happened in Detroit***

by REV. JAMES G. KELLER

**D**INNER was just over. It was quite by accident that I was among those present. One of the guests, a friend of mine, had urged me to come along because he knew that most of the people who would be there had the usual strange prejudices about missionaries. He maintained this was an ideal chance to set them straight on the subject.

But the day had been full and tiring. I was hardly in the mood for another talk. I had spoken in different parts of town, from morning until late afternoon. In each talk I had emphasized that most of us do not realize that the only ones going out over the world in a big way were the millions anxious to spread everywhere the weird, stupid idea that there is nothing sacred about men because there is no God. I had tried again and again to point out that in contrast to this, a mere handful of men had been going to remote corners of the globe to remind even the least of men that he *does* count, that he is made to the image and likeness of His Maker.

### ***Despite the warning***

I thought it well to accept. The conversation at dinner touched on all sorts of subjects. Not one of them, though, had even a remote connection with the basic fundamentals which we are trying to spread and which have made possible the very comforts and peace we all enjoy.

Quite suddenly the hostess herself brought up the subject. When all the guests were gathered together after dinner, she turned to me.

"Father," she said casually, "I know that you're a missioner. Do you really think missionaries do any good?"

If only she had said, "Do you think

they do a *little* good or *some* good," it wouldn't have been quite so startling. What an anti-climax to a difficult day!

For a moment I did not reply. The thought struck me that here was a classic example of how far off the beam we are, how too many of us fight the very principle which has made us what we are. But I passed over these things and tried to hit on the one thought that would certainly strike home. After a slight pause I turned to my hostess and said:

"Mrs. ——, if nobody was interested in spreading the principles of Christianity, women and girls ought to spread them from one end of the earth to the other. You yourself should be ready and willing to sacrifice anything to do this. Reflect for a moment, and you will agree that every privilege you have you owe to the dignity that Christ said belonged to womanhood.

### ***She got the point***

"If you want to prove this, take a trip to some pagan country where Christ is not yet known. See the condition of countless millions of women and girls. Better still, go to one of the countries where they've done a fairly good job in the past 10 or 20 years of kicking out Christianity. There you could see for yourself how woman has sunk to a form of slavery lower than was hers before Christ came, twenty centuries ago. Contrast this with the respect and deference which is today enjoyed by American women."

I went no further. There was no need. My hostess turned to me. She said:

"I never thought of that before. I never realized that what your men are doing affects me and every other woman on earth. Forgive me."

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**“All I hear about at home** is the post-war world. My father says we've got to have the right kind of post-war world. He says the Maryknoll Fathers are already helping to build a better world.

“He says the best way to win the war is to buy War Bonds, and that one of the best ways to help build a good post-war world is to send these War Bonds to Maryknoll.”\*

\*When you take out War Bonds for MARYKNOLL, get them in series F or G. Make them payable to Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc., Maryknoll, N. Y.



*Bishop Yu Pin and Bishop Walsh meet at Maryknoll*

## **Vast plans for China**

by BISHOP PAUL YU PIN

THE purpose of my present visit to the United States is to study the social service of the Catholic Church. What I learn here will serve for the future development of this work in China. The great social program of the Church has secured wide interest among my people. Those who promote the social service of the Church are helping to build a new and better world.

It is important to understand that, while we must give due attention to the war now being waged in China and the sacrifices it entails for the Chinese people, our principal thoughts should not be of the present, but of the future. The Catholic Church in China is daily strengthening itself and gaining ground. It has a rising popularity with the whole nation.

The leaders of China have confidence in the Catholic Church. In the past, because they were not sufficiently acquainted with it, they felt that the Church was too far from national interests. The war has changed all this. Today they see that the Church is open to all men and interested in the welfare of all nations.

In social welfare work, Catholics are particularly active. Catholics have helped to build homes for the wounded soldiers. We work in military hospitals. We have organized Red Cross groups to go to the front lines and take care of the wounded. We have opened homes to shelter refugee students while they continue their studies. Everywhere and in every type of social activity the Catholic Church is taking part. We have co-

operated in all fields with the leaders striving to strengthen China spiritually and materially.

The average citizen makes the superficial observation that the Church has changed, that we have adopted new policies and new methods. But this is not so. The Church in China was formerly in a pioneer state. We could not accomplish everything that was done in other parts of the world.

Now, however, the Catholic people apply their Catholic philosophy to their own lives and environment. This philosophy is simply loyalty to God and country. The intellectuals and leaders of China understand. They see that this is not a matter of temporary policy, but the eternal teaching of the Catholic Church. The results of Catholic Action are making a great impression upon Chinese leaders.

#### ***Following a great tradition***

The average Catholic feels that the aim of the missioner is to convert individuals. But the missioner goes far beyond this. He follows in the great tradition bequeathed by the Benedictine and Irish missionaries of old. As they labored, so the aim of the missioner today is to build a new civilization. China has an old civilization. We do not wish to tear this down, but to supplement it.

True, to reach this end we must be concerned with individual conversions. But we must think beyond individuals. We must think of nations. Our aim is to build a new civilization on the basis of Christianity. To arrive at this end, the social program of the Catholic Church will play a vital part. People

can easily understand it and see it in operation. Hence they will be attracted to the Church through it. By such a program we shall finally conquer China for Christ.

#### ***Non-Christians defend the Church***

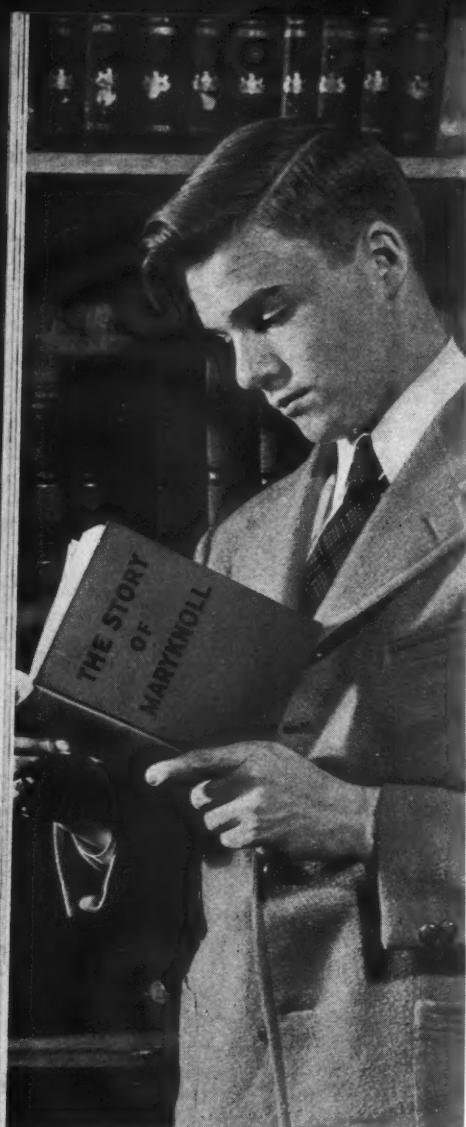
An experience I had recently in China's Parliament will show how the Church's prestige is growing. There are 240 members of the Peoples' Political Council. I am the only Catholic member. The question came up in this Congress as to whether we should ask the Government to institute closer relations with the Vatican. The proposition was referred to a special committee, which reported favorably upon it.

The proposition was then brought to the floor of the Peoples' Political Council. One member arose and attacked it. There was great speculation as to how I would answer this attack. But I did not have to answer it. A number of non-Christian members arose in defense. They told of the benefits that would accrue to China through union with the Holy See. They praised the patriotic work performed by Chinese Catholics. They pointed out the rôle that the Church was playing in the war and the special welfare work that the Church was carrying on in China. Their defense was magnificent. When the proposition came up for vote, it passed almost unanimously.

When non-Christians will spontaneously arise in Congress, take the floor, and tell the nation of the Holy Father's influence on the world for good, can you doubt the future of the Church in China?

#### ***He ought to know!***

*"Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and I founded great empires. But upon what did the creation of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him."*—Napoleon Bonaparte.



## **You, too, can change the world**

by REV. FRANCIS A. MCKAY

**S**AY, young fellow, you with the book, how would you like to help build a better world? You're right; it is a pretty large order to change the world. But *you* can do it. As a matter of fact, you are just the one who has what it takes—you and thousands of young Americans like you. It is no fairy tale that you can influence the world and help to give it a course that will shape the destinies of men for centuries to come. Hundreds of other young fellows have thought about this, and are now devoting their lives to making this a better world to live in. The only trouble is, thousands are needed.

The idea may not have occurred to you yet. The crack of a bat, the thump of a football, or the cover of a book may have more immediate allure than the spread of the blessings of Christ over the world. But, after all, these things do not necessarily exclude one another. Then, too, if you won't help the world out, who will?

### **You can prevent it**

Boys, little older than you, are now fighting for a chance to get what Christianity gives with both hands, but this particular affair I am talking about is an unending battle. We must not let the world get into a similar muddle again for lack of giving it what followers of Christ have to give.

Yes, I heard you say you aren't good enough. But the chances are ten to one that you underestimate yourself. There

*Boys of America, you tread in the footsteps of heroes. How will you best serve, in your turn, the sacred ideals for which your elder brothers fought and died?*

are certain basic qualifications needed to make a good missioner. Let us see what they are:

**1. Zeal.** You have to have this in some form to make a success in whatever you do. This time it will need to be an intense desire to help the world, to do good to your fellow men. If you have this, any obstacle will be just something to overcome—to add zest to the effort.

**2. Good health.** This is an absolute necessity. There is no chance of doing good work in the outposts of civilization without it.

**3. Average intelligence.** We are not looking for a genius; the fact is, we might not know what to do with him. What is needed is a boy who can, with reasonable application, assimilate his studies and put them to practical use after he gets them.

**4. Normal piety.** Don't let that scare you. Normal piety is a love of God, a sense of His nearness, and some idea of what prayer is and how to do it. If you have that, you will manage.

**5. Sense of humor.** This is essential. No matter what trial or difficulty comes your way, you must be able to see the interesting or amusing side. If it hasn't any amusing side, you must be able to come back with a grin, anyway.

**6. Common sense.** Freakish traits or lack of balance would be out of place in a missioner. You must have what is commonly known as "horse sense."

**7. Generosity.** You must be generous

with yourself and your time. You must be prepared to make sacrifices, to do whatever will further the cause of Christ.

The late Bishop James Anthony Walsh, cofounder of Maryknoll, summed up all these qualities when he said: "The longer our experience, the more we realize that we need boys of fine calibre—not necessarily brilliant, yet of average and even more-than-average ability, who can stand the gaff."

Someone must bring the blessings of Christianity to the world. And who better than you? "Of myself I am nothing," said Saint Paul, and look what he did.

Or maybe you are good at things. Maybe you are just one of those brilliant youngsters that can't fail. Then you deserve the best job in the world and there is none better, more dramatic, more satisfying than being an ambassador of Christ. It is a life of action which could appeal to any American boy with the love of God in his heart. You can give it everything you have.

Every day we read about men in public life admitting that the only unassailable plan for a livable post-war world must be built on the principles of Christ. What a magnificent opportunity awaits us! Shall we miss it? We won't if boys like you are ready and anxious to go out over the world to do good to all men, in the name of the Prince of Peace. Wouldn't you like to enlist? How about it? If you are interested, fill out the coupon below and send it to us.

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**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
Maryknoll P.O., New York.**

I am interested in becoming a Maryknoll missioner. I shall be glad to receive your free literature. I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... *Date of Birth*.....

Street..... *School*.....

City..... *Class*.....



## **Dove's Nest Village**

by SISTER CELINE MARIE

IT WAS just in the middle of Mass that the commotion at the window demanded attention. We motioned for the woman to remain where she was. Not another person could fit into our already overcrowded church that Pentecostal morning. Balanced on the window sill, Lao Wang, one of our new

catechumens, cried out frantically.

"If you don't come right away," she pleaded, "my sister cannot get into the Heavenly Lord's Hall! She is dying."

Sister Lelia motioned for me to follow, and we forced a way out. Our guide met us at the entrance. We hoped to be back at the mission before our Christians should leave again for distant villages. In any case, there was a dying woman; we had no choice but to go.

What promised to be just one of our regular sick calls turned out to be a thrilling four-hour trek through bandit-infested mountains. We noticed pagan shrines everywhere. General signs of neglect of these shrines and the absence of worshipers were all witnesses to an old paganism in decay. Come, Holy Spirit—and fill the hearts of this people of good will with the fire of Thy Divine Love.

### **Truly virgin soil**

The Sequence was still singing in our hearts when we came finally to Dove's Nest Village. The people were out in a body to greet the first Catholics to enter the place. It was truly virgin soil.

Bamboo wireless had spread the word that Lao Wang, a stranger who had come from her faraway home to be with her sister in her illness, had left in the wee hours of the morning to go to Fushun. What could it mean?

As we hurried along, we were deluged with questions. How could we leave that beautiful country of ours to come to their poor, humble place? And how could we love them more than our own people? What openings they gave us! As we explained our mission to them, we could feel the Christian messages of love and peace and hope being woven as golden threads into the drab pattern of their fear-warped lives.

The crowd followed us to the home of the dying woman, and as many as could pushed right into the tiny mud hovel. Others looked in through the

only window, all eager to hear and see what would be done.

As Sister Lelia approached the *k'ang* (Chinese bed) so that she could speak more directly to the patient, she was caught by a barbed wire sewn into the edge of a curtain hanging from the ceiling.

"Her husband placed that there so the spirits would not be able to get through and steal his wife away," one of the bystanders explained. The old mother-in-law caught our look of disapproval and hastened to remove its cause.

"Come, Thou Father of the poor," Sister Lelia explained the necessary doctrine to the sufferer, who slowly repeated the Act of Contrition. I poured the saving waters, and the new Christian became the dwelling place of the Holy Spirit.

#### **"When are you coming again?"**

Though evening was coming on, the people of Dove's Nest Village did not want to part with us. We would gladly have accepted their offers of hospitality if our Sisters in Fushun had known where we were. As it was, we paid hurried visits to several of the sick, and then accepted the offer of one of the farmers to drive us in his ox cart.

"Sisters, when are you coming to bring peace and joy to our village again?" the old man asked.

We longed to tell him, "Soon!" But our center mission at Fushun is surrounded with just such villages, many of them heavily populated. We could only answer that we wanted to return soon.

---

Mother Mary Joseph, O.P.,  
Maryknoll, N. Y.

I should like to share in the work of your Sisters who trek through mountain trails and city streets to send souls to Heaven. I enclose \$..... to support a Sister ..... days.

Name.....

Address.....

*One dollar supports a Sister one day.*

## **Letters**

"Delighted to see the fine results of the new format of your MARYKNOLL magazine. I was amazed and pleased at the amount of material in the issue. The layout is mighty fine. All in all, it is a capital piece of work. It is hard to change the old—you have done a swell job. *Saludos!*"

—J. V. C., Hartford



"The new version of the MARYKNOLL magazine is so fine that I must express my profound admiration for it. It is splendid in typographical appearance, in contents, in tone, in every way. The photography is magnificent; the articles are sprightly, without losing their dignity; and the conciseness of the material is most effective. I am convinced that it marks the opening of a new era of achievement for MARYKNOLL and Maryknoll."

—R. R., N. Y. C.



"I have just seen a copy of the MARYKNOLL magazine in its new form. It looks to me as if wartime necessity had proved a virtue, as I find the new format very much more attractive and easy to read. The April issue struck me as a thoroughgoing, professional job, beautifully illustrated and full of interest. I particularly liked Bishop Paschang's story of 'Grandma Wong and the Devil', and the striking pictures of Señor Pepito and of the very good reason 'Why Priests Are Needed in Latin America.' I want to take this occasion to congratulate you upon the whole issue."

—G. A. C., St. Louis



## ***Pedro meets Hollywood***

by WILKIE GORDON

**P**EIRO swatted a mosquito and said, "Amen."

Of course, it is conjecture, but it is also highly probable, that in the jungle surrounding the tiny village of Chica there are more mosquitoes per cubic foot than in any other part of the world—even Jersey.

It was not that Pedro was stung by the insect; he was annoyed. Pedro's lifetime of twenty-eight years under the tropic sun had baked such a huskiness into his integument that he was impervious to anything less formidable than a six-penny nail. For all its toughness, however, his skin was smooth and brown, and when he smiled, his fine, white teeth stood out in contrast to his lively mop of shining black hair.

Pedro was talking to a statue. "And he said that the people lived in houses that are piled up on top of one another, Beautiful Lady."

Pedro arranged the last of an armful of wildflowers around the statue as he spoke. "And these houses—'hapartamentoes', I think he called them—are so close together that even a cat cannot walk between. He said that many thousands of people live in these 'hapartamentoes', but I do not see how that can be. Where would so many people plant their gardens and keep their cows? It must be true, though; the Padre himself told me. These must be very wonderful places, these Bronx, Beautiful Lady! Some day maybe I will see them."

Pedro was neither simple-minded nor

crazy. On the contrary, he was beautifully and happily sane. Several years before, while he was roaming through the jungle that surrounded his native village of Chica, he had stumbled across the ruins of the famous old Cathedral of San Francisco that had been built many centuries ago, before the Padres had been driven out of the Spanish possessions of South America.

In one corner, Pedro had found a small altar. It was more protected than the other parts of the church. Above it, on a pedestal, was a beautifully carven statue of Our Lady, of Whom Pedro became enamored immediately. Thereafter he visited the statue almost every day. He kept the altar spotlessly clean and bedecked with two candles and enormous bunches of luxuriant flowers which grew in the jungle.

While he worked at the altar, he kept up a flow of conversation—which was very easy for Pedro, because he was the finest story teller in all the country. Pedro's chatter was a mixture of gossip and compliment, to every episode of which he appended a most respectful "Amen." That was his only concession to formal prayer.

"So now I will go home, Beautiful Lady," he said, "and make my dinner. Today I have some very fine peppers and beans." Pedro blew out the candles on either side of the statue and made a courtly bow. "Tomorrow I will come again to see you. Amen."

\* \* \*

When he had left the ruins of the old cathedral, he walked lightly through the jungle that, centuries before, had been the site of a thriving community. At the outskirts of Chica, even before he had a chance to speak with anyone, Pedro knew that something out of the ordinary was going on. The farms were deserted, and the people were gathered around a half dozen strangers.

The strangers were moving-picture scouts from Hollywood, who were blaz-

ing new trails in the realm of entertainment. They were headed by a rotund little gentleman, a Mr. Plumvich.

Mr. Igor Plumvich had on the most varicolored, the loudest, and the most commanding neck scarf that Chica had ever seen. He wore it English fashion, tucked under the collar of a light golfer's shirt, the colors of which were equally obstreperous and made a grand display over the generous expanse of his chubby figure.

He was a glory of color; his clothes, from his two-toned sports sandals to the arresting climax of a pale blue hat, looked like a field of wildflowers. The people of Chica were enchanted.

Mr. Plumvich was not alone. He had a group of assistants with him who, for the most part, pushed the very interested citizens into various (perhaps more artistic) positions, and continually repeated, "Yes, Mr. Plumvich!"

A reedy-looking young lady with red hair and enormous spectacles recorded in a small book everything Mr. Plumvich said. What he said was not very much, but was probably very important.

Mr. Plumvich was very busy looking at the village. He performed a ceremony of looking, as if the mere function of sight was not sufficient in itself. With his fingers he made a small square and squinted through it, moving his range of vision over the objects before him, as if he were a skipper on the bridge of a ship. Periodically he would say, "H'mm, very nice; very nice!" The children lost no time in catching the idea.

There was a slight commotion in the crowd when Pedro approached. "Here is Pedro now," said one of the youngsters, as if that would settle every problem.

A dozen voices hailed him. "Look, Pedro. We have a visitor. He makes picture movies—this señor here." A speaker pointed his finger squarely into Mr. Plumvich's gaudy midriff. "This señor's name is Meester Plumpstitch."

Pedro smiled graciously at the introduction and was about to speak. But the moving-picture gentleman gazed at him in a serious, disinterested manner and then, backing away a few feet, made his usual gesture, and through his fingers squinted at Pedro from the latter's handsome, dark face down over six feet of supple, graceful body, to the tips of his bare feet.

"H'mm, very nice!" said the gentleman.

Pedro—not to be outdone in courtesy—made a telescope of his right fist, looked through it at Mr. Plumvich, and said, "It is nice to see you, too, señor."

"Ha!" said Mr. Plumvich, turning to his assistants. "Look vat I've found! A character. A character vat's terrific. Ven ve come down to shoot 'Loff on the Pampas' ve'll put this man in the picture. A character! Miss Collins, get his name, this Pedro. Don't forget to get his 'phone number. He's terrific!"

Pedro paid no attention to Miss Collins; his eyes never left the bright scarf on the rubicund neck. Mr. Plumvich permitted himself a brief smile. "You like it, der scoff?" he asked.

"It is very beautiful, señor." Then, reaching forth a shapely, browned hand to feel the texture of Mr. Plumvich's colored shirt, he said, "I think you have a very pretty dress, too."

The chubby gentleman blushed to the top of his sparsely covered pate, but there was no sign that anyone else thought the remark in any way out of the ordinary. Miss Collins wisely omitted it from her notebook. Mr. Plumvich turned the full power of his personality on Pedro.

"Vat do you do, Pedro?"

"Do, señor? Must I do something?"

"I mean"—his tolerant smile broadened—"vat kind of work do you do?"

"But señor, I do not like to work. It is very warm, and when I work I am not comfortable."

"You see?" He turned to his party.

"A character. He's terrific!" And then to Pedro, "How do you live and eat?"

"But the good Lord allows me to live, señor, and when I want to eat I cook some beans and sometimes catch a fish."

The cinema gentleman was getting along famously, and wanted to continue the conversation.

"Do you know vat are moving pictures, Pedro?"

This was a poser, and the villagers looked apprehensively at Pedro. It would be a shame if their spokesman and favorite story teller should have to confess his ignorance before the visitors. But Pedro had a surprise in store.

"Oh, yes, señor," he answered. "They have many moving pictures in these Bronx."

Mr. Plumvich—to give him credit—knew when he'd had enough. Once more he made a digital camera sight and gave Pedro a thorough scanning.

\* \* \*

The next day Pedro was at the Cathedral of San Francisco, fixing Our Lady's altar and carrying on an animated conversation that had all the appearance of being one-sided.

"He had on a very fine neckcloth, Beautiful Lady." Pedro was saying. "Some day I would like to have one like that. Perhaps, when I go to see these Bronx, I can buy one. And he looked at everything through his fingers, and a lady wrote down stories in a book. Her name was Miss Kofflinks. He must be a very smart man, this Mr. Plumpstitch."

Pedro gathered up the wilted flowers which he had replaced with fresh ones, and threw them outside. His visit was over. He put out the candles, made his adieu with a smiling bow, and started towards home. Then, as though he had forgotten something, Pedro turned back to the altar. He made a neat square of his forefingers and, through it, squinted intently at the statue of Our Lady.

"H'mm," he said. "Very nice; very nice! Amen."

## MISSIONS TERMED MAIN LINK TO CHINA

**They Made Us Friends There  
Before We Became Allies,  
Bishop J. E. Walsh Says**

### RELIEF WORK EXTENSIVE

**Another Communion Breakfast  
Hears Our Soldiers Are 'Just  
as Good People as Any'**

The missions represent the strongest link between China and the United States, Bishop James E. Walsh, superior general of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, declared yesterday at the annual communion breakfast of the Catholic Young Women's Club in the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria.

"Soldiers who go to China often find the local people already friends, much to their surprise," he said. "When this happens it's because some missionaries have spent their lives there."

"They made us friends before we were Allies, and we are better Allies because we were already friends."

Not only will Army and Navy representatives find the missionaries literally "everywhere" in China, but they will find them active in programs of welfare for the people.

"The relief work alone that the missionaries are carrying out for the war refugees, dislocated families and other needy and destitute people is on a very large scale," he added.

The Catholic and Protestant missionaries, together with the Chinese Government, have in most areas a virtual monopoly of relief work, because they are the only groups of men and women available in numbers, he declared.

"Practically all our Maryknoll priests and sisters are engaged in this relief work to some extent, and a considerable number of them are full-time operatives in charge of all the work in their areas, some of them representing both the Chinese Government and the United China Relief as supervisors," he explained.

Declaring that the mission was the best approach to world progress and world peace because it offered the only real foundation for peace and progress, moral principle and spiritual truth, Bishop Walsh suggested:

"Send the people of the world missionaries and we shan't need to send them soldiers. Send them the religion of Christ and we shan't need to send our sons and brothers to die on their battlefields."

He told of a letter from Mme. Chiang Kai-shek to the Rev. Thomas Malone, a Maryknoll father of New York, thanking him for the care given by Catholic foreign missionaries to the war orphans in China. "We're quite proud of it," he said.

He also paid tribute to United China Relief for raising money to assist the war sufferers in China.

Bishop Walsh was introduced by Bishop J. Francis A. McIntyre. Other speakers included Mgr. William A. Scully, secretary of education of the New York Archdiocese; Mrs. Thaddeus Armstrong, director of civilian mobilization of Port Washington, L. I.; Margaret Culkin Banning, author, and Lieutenant Olga de Coursey, Army nurse, who served in Africa. Miss Constance Armstrong, president of the club, presided. There were 1,200 present.

## **The Vice President visits a Maryknoll mission**

by REV. JAMES A. FLAHERTY

THE INDIANS of our Bolivian parish of Villa Victoria are looking with awe at their American Padres. They are telling everyone they meet how important we are—the “we” being Father Frederick Walker and I. By nightfall a great number of the Aymara Indians in Bolivia will know that Vice President Henry A. Wallace interrupted the itinerary of his Latin-American tour to visit our little adobe rectory. Because of the visit, our Aymara are manifesting a sudden new interest in the country from which our distinguished guest came.

When the Vice President arrived in La Paz, our good friend, United States

Ambassador Pierre Boal, informed him about the two Maryknoll priests who were working out in the suburbs among the Aymara Indians. Mr. Wallace was very interested and told Mr. Boal that he would like to go out and see the mission for himself.

When I received Mr. Boal's message that he and the Vice President would call on the morrow, Father Walker and I went into a hurried conference. We decided that we ought to tell our parishioners, and accordingly Father Walker spread the word about.

The Aymara, usually a slow-moving people, were suddenly transformed. They went wild with excitement. Never before had such an important personage come to their little village. Indian men and boys brushed up the roads and filled in ditches, the smaller children gathered up stray litter, the ladies decorated their adobe houses.

When the next morning arrived, the roads about Villa Victoria were clogged with Indians. Thousands of them, all clad in their colorful native costumes, poured in from every side of our parish. The Indians had declared a day of *fiesta*.

As Mr. Wallace and Mr. Boal drove up in their car, the Indians along the route shouted an enthusiastic welcome in their ancient language. Mr. Wallace was smiling and waving at the people. The car drew up before our little house, and Father Walker escorted the Vice President from it.

I had hurriedly trained a group of Indian boys in all the American college



*Services are held outdoors because our people are too poor to build a church*

cheers I knew, and at a signal the boys went into high gear. Mr. Wallace enjoyed the welcome. He said it made him feel right at home. The Indian ladies, in best *fiesta* custom, were trying to drown Mr. Wallace in confetti and flowers, the purpose being to leave no part of him uncovered.

#### ***The work of Christ***

We told Mr. Wallace of Maryknoll's work among the people of South America, and of how we are trying to help them in the task of training a sufficiently numerous native clergy to care for their own needs. Mr. Wallace was surprised to find that we had no church.

"Services are held outdoors," interposed Ambassador Boal, who had attended our first field Mass in Villa Victoria.

"Our people are very poor," I told Mr. Wallace. "They cannot afford to build a church, but they are using their spare time to make adobe bricks. When we have enough bricks, we will begin to build the church."

Mr. Boal asked Father Walker if he would show the Vice President an Aymara home, as Mr. Wallace was interested in seeing how our people live. Mr. Wallace was very impressed by the pov-

erty of the little adobe hut.

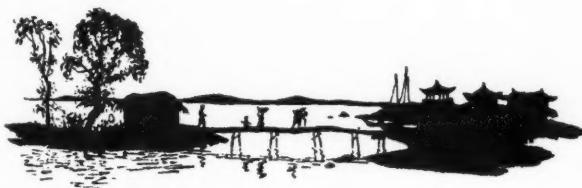
When he and Father Walker came out and started back to the car, the Vice President put his arm about Father Walker's shoulders, exclaiming, "You boys are certainly doing the work of Christ!"

One of the Indian lads from the cheering squad stepped forward and presented the Vice President with a copy of an Aymara grammar. Aymara is among the most difficult of spoken tongues. With a smile the Indian suggested that Mr. Wallace study Aymara, so that the next time he came to Villa Victoria he might speak to the people in their own tongue.

The Vice President smiled and said he would do so. He faces an arduous task as Aymara is the most difficult language we have encountered.

We escorted Mr. Wallace and Mr. Boal back to their car. When the Aymara saw the visitor was leaving, they began to cheer and shout farewells. We shook hands with the Vice President and the Ambassador, regretting that their stay could not have been longer.

It will be months before our Indians get over the wonder of this visit. The oldest among them cannot recall another such red-letter day.



#### ***The death of patriots***

"Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all griefs, of all our human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence but our congratulations."

—Cardinal Mercier, of Belgium,

## Salute to an altar boy

by REV. FRANCIS T. DONNELLY

IT WAS only a little Maryknoll mission chapel by a Chinese roadside, but Tang San-djiu could not have been prouder had it been a cathedral. Father O'Day watched with amused sympathy the stiff back and measured stride of the new altar boy as the latter led out from the sacristy.

The little fellow certainly had plugged at the Latin and, though he came of a family of new Christians, he had all the Chinese love of ceremonial and processions. Now his fingers were fairly itching to get at the sanctuary bell. The priest hoped that San-djiu would come through with flying colors on this, his first public appearance.

They emerged from the sacristy into the din of a Chinese congregation chanting its prayers with full-throated fervor. There was no halt in the praying. Its tempo seemed, if anything, to increase, accompanied by a great clanking of

rosaries. An inquisitive urchin escaped from his mother, crawled up to the altar rail, and clung there precariously. Several small girls showed their appreciation of his predicament by shrill laughter. The baby lost no time in responding with frightened and indignant howls.

On the way to the altar, San-djiu's glance fell squarely on a lady kneeling near the front. This proved too much for the fond mother. She was not yet accustomed to the etiquette of worship in a Catholic church. Anyway, how could she resist the sight of her San-djiu clothed in a red cassock and occupying a place of honor beside the American Spiritual Father?

**"Hello, there, son!"**

Mother Tang stood up, waved her arms vigorously, and shouted, "*Wai, wai, wai!*" "Hello, there, son!"

The boy flushed to the roots of his

*Like altar boys everywhere, Chinese acolytes favor the bells and the incense*



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hair, but proceeded to the altar with dignity only slightly ruffled. Thereafter, he carried through the ritual of serving with faultless precision, but Father O'Day realized that for San-djiu the triumph of the long-anticipated occasion was now dust and ashes.

After Mass, a shamefaced altar boy rid himself of surplice and cassock with lightning speed. He was slipping from the sacristy when the missioner called him back.

"That was fine work, San-djiu," the priest said. "I was proud of your Latin."

The boy mumbled an unintelligible reply, his eyes avoiding the priest's.

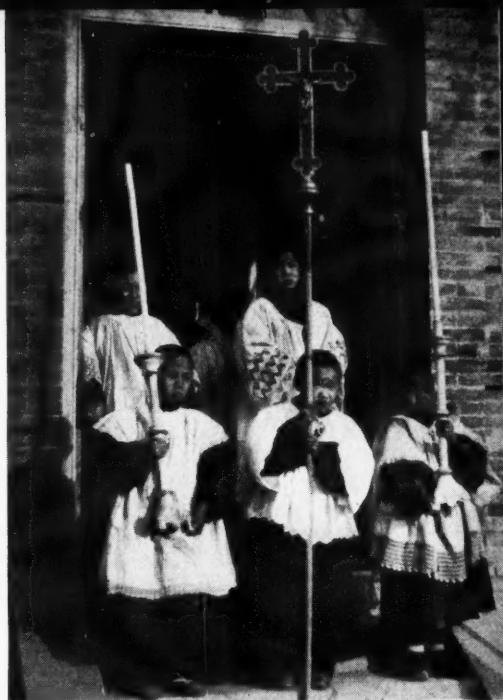
"You know," continued Father O'Day, "no one could have heard your mother, and most likely no one saw her wave to you. The first time I ever served Mass, my mother smiled at me. I got so excited I fell up the altar steps in front of everybody. So you see, you might have fared worse."

San-djiu looked full at the priest now. "Really, Spiritual Father?" he asked. "Did that really happen to you?"

"It certainly did. Those are nice shoes you have. Who bought them for you?"

"Mother," answered the boy. After a bit he added, "She's been saving money a long time to get these shoes."

"Well," said the missioner, "this is a great day for her, too, isn't it, son?"



*"Now, I tell you what—I'm going to let you be cross-bearer at the High Mass," said Father O'Day*

Now, I tell you what—I'm going to let you be cross-bearer at the High Mass next Sunday."

"Oh, Father, how wonderful!" cried San-djiu. He stepped proudly out of the sacristy to dazzle less-fortunate humans with the news of this promotion.

#### **Letter to a soldier**

The following extract from a letter of Bernadette of Lourdes to her brother Jean-Marie, when he went into the army, will interest many of our friends, especially those who have read *The Song of Bernadette*:

"Every day I pray Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin to guide you. Above all things, I urge you to be faithful to your duties as a Christian. Thus alone will you be sure of finding light and strength in all the troubles and difficulties of your life. I know that soldiers have much to put up with, and they have to suffer in silence. They would have great merit if they were careful to repeat every morning, when they rise, the following short prayer to Our Lord: 'My God, I desire to do everything for Thy sake and for the love of Thee!'"

## No job for a lady

by REV. FRANCIS J. DAUBERT

**S**HE was no "bungirl." She had no gun, and she had stopped being a girl long ago. She was wrinkled and old. You would have been more puzzled than alarmed, if she had ordered you to "stick 'em up." But she did really try that on a housewife who had left Laipo on a market day for her home in Lung Fu, where we have a number of Christians. The intended victim had reached the footpaths outside Laipo when it all happened.

In a rasping, hardened voice the old woman demanded money. She had to have it—or else! She seemed to mean business, particularly with an ugly-looking sickle. She flourished it, and she threatened some slashing if the younger one didn't turn over that cash.

Of course, it does no good to argue with holdup people. That's true whether the bandit is young or old, male or female. The shopper took out her money and tossed it at the other's feet.

At this point the lady bandit's thinking stalled. What to do with the sickle as she leaned over to pick up the money was, of course, her problem. She put the sickle under her arm. That was no good at all. The younger woman picked up speed, snatched the sickle, and banged it on the ambitious bandit's head. Then she scooped up her money and ran. She got away with her life, her money, and a new sickle.

That was surely a setback for female banditry, yet stories about "highway-women" persist in China. The one just related, we know did happen; but there are other tales belonging in the category of what might be called tall stories.

The one about the six Amazons was a tall story, and the Amazons themselves were tall, too. In fact, they grew with

each retelling. The version that we heard came from an official in the mandarin's office. Those six Amazons, said he, bore sharpened carrying poles. On different occasions, they had killed eight men on the bus road to Pinglo. At that point the story loses itself, perhaps properly.

Maybe embattled females in the ranks of Chinese banditry are as much myths as were the fighting Amazons described centuries ago by imaginative explorers of South America. Yet the mighty river that bears the name of those famous superwomen is very real, and so are roadside robberies in the mission areas of China. And they are not funny.

### BROTHER MARK M.M.

Brother Mark Dance was born in Berkshire, England, on March 14, 1883. When still a boy, he went to sea and eventually settled in Canada. Later he moved to Chicago, where he was converted to Catholicism in 1923.

Father Handly, a Paulist, and the same priest who had brought him into the Church, interested him in Maryknoll. He was accepted by the Society for membership in 1923. He served God and Maryknoll at the Center, the Venard, our House of Studies in Washington, D.C., and Los Altos. For the last several years of his life, he had been painfully ill. On March 3, 1943, he died at our Junior Seminary in California.

Brother Mark found in Maryknoll what he described as a paradise on earth. May God be good to him.

### Quiz Answers

(See page 29)

- (1.) Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- (2.) Rev. Gerard A. Donovan, Pittsburgh, Pa. (3.) Rev. Patrick J. Byrne, Washington, D. C. (4.) Rev. Bernard F. Meyer, Davenport, Iowa. (5.) Rev. Robert J. Cairns, Worcester, Mass. (6.) Most Rev. Raymond A. Lane, Lawrence, Mass. (7.) Mother Mary Joseph Rogers, Boston, Mass. (8.) Rev. Joseph A. Sweeney, New Britain, Conn. (9.) Most Rev. William F. O'Shea, Jersey City, N. J. (10.) Rev. John J. Considine, New Bedford, Mass.

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## What are they looking for?

WE DON'T mean only the service-men pictured above, but every single American soldier, sailor, and marine in this World War II. What are their plans and hopes for the post-war world they are fighting to bring about?

A young soldier in North Africa wrote to his mother:

"One of the biggest surprises to me is to hear the way most of the boys in the Army talk about the post-war period. It seems a bit fantastic to hear them discussing such things in the midst of the battle over here. But it certainly shows the way these men are thinking."

When these boys come back, they are going to have a powerful influence on the thought of this country. Their own suffering, and contact with the global suffering brought on by the mistakes

of the past, will have given them a clear vision of what is needed for the happiness of the world of tomorrow.

Another soldier, writing from a different front, has already found the answer. He says:

"The men who started our country put down in black and white that each of us counts because we come from God, that our rights are God-given, so no man or government can take them away from us. But I am beginning to realize that many people in the world have never heard about this."

"It strikes me that we shall be able to eliminate a lot of trouble if we can get everybody, everywhere, to understand that big idea. That's why I think you Maryknollers are doing a good job. I wish there were more of you."

## Maryknoll Want Ads—from the front lines

### SOUTH CHINA

**"There are 10,000 troops** in town and not one drop of medicine or one doctor. The soldiers come to me for the help I usually dispense to the poor. I've no supplies left."—Fr. Cosgrove, Kweilin.

*Needed for Kweilin dispensary:*

Aspirin .....	\$10.	Absorbent cotton .....	\$10.
Quinine .....	5.	Ointments .....	5.
Iodine .....	5.	Soap .....	5.

**"Famine prices obtain.** Our need is desperate. We beg of you to make our appeal known to as many as possible and as quickly as possible."—Fr. Sweeney, Ngai Moon.

Father has 900 lepers to care for. Can you help him?

**"Streamlined missions** are the vogue these days. We are cutting all expenses and have been hoarding pennies for the last few months. What will happen now is in the hands

of Our Blessed Mother."—Fr. Eckstein, Kaying.

It's in your hands, too. \$150 will carry a native seminarian one year nearer the priesthood.

**"Training native Sisters** requires much more money now, with rice so high; but we must keep this work going."—Monsignor Romaniello, Kweilin.

\$15 a month, \$150 a year, needed for each native Sister.

**"We're mixing** oatmeal with the rice, but even at that we have to give it out in starvation quantities, not daring to think of the morrow."—Fr. Smith, South China.

\$5 keeps a refugee for a month.

**It's a gigantic task** our South China missionaries are facing. We cable funds to China. Make checks payable to: *The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., New York.*

### LATIN AMERICA

**"People were profuse** in their thanks after my first Mass. They had not seen a priest in years. All were surprised to learn that there are many Catholics and thousands of Catholic Padres in the United States."—Fr. McCabe, Quilla Collo, Bolivia.

Will you show these people that United States Catholics are interested in them, by supplying the necessities for Mass?

Altar wine and hosts (1 year) .....	\$30.
Incense (1 year's supply) .....	15.
Missal .....	10.
Wooden Altar .....	100.
Set of Vestments .....	25.
Altar cards .....	10.

**"At six o'clock** Father Fowler appeared. He had walked all the way from Cachuela—a good 28 miles. There are tigers along the road, so I gave him my revolver for the next trip. I figured he had earned the bed and the blankets, so I took the hammock."—Fr. Logue, Guayaramerim.

Horses would be quicker and safer for jungle trips. \$100 each. And how about an extra bed and some blankets?

**"For Christmas Mass we borrowed** an organ from the La Salle Brothers, and a thurible, incense boat, and benediction veil from the Sisters."—Fr. Fowler, Calacala.

Should you like to supply his mission with these?

Organ .....	\$500.
Thurible .....	25.
Incense boat .....	5.
Benediction veil .....	20.



**"I plan a lot** of work, but, because of lack of facilities for travel, only half my plans can be carried out. Some of our missions are 90 miles away by horseback. It breaks my heart that we have not a chapel boat to cover the river front, where many of my Indians live, and where I could stop here and there to instruct and baptize as the need arises."—Bishop Escalante, the Pando, Bolivia.

Chapel boat, \$5,000.

**"To send 100 priests** to Latin America, you need \$500 each for fare—\$50,000 in all. Do I understand you aright?"—E. S., Mass.

Yes, that's right! It's a lot of money, isn't it?

## Latin America Want Ads.

### CHILE

**Talca:** Mass wine and hosts for one priest, \$30.

**Chillan:** Altars for Sacrifice of the Mass, \$100 each.

**Temuco:** Sets of vestments, \$25 each.

### ECUADOR

**Guayaquil:** Keep candles burning for your intention.

One year's supply for all chapels, \$300.

### PERU

**Lima (Chinese Mission):** Set of Stations, \$75.

**Puno:** Mass kits, \$150 each.  
Sleeping bags, \$12 each.

### CENTRAL AMERICA

**Mission No. 1:** A horse for priests to ride when making trips to outstations, \$100.

**Mission No. 2:** Mosquito nets..... \$6.50.  
First-Aid kit..... \$20.

**Mission No. 3:**

1 set of altar cloths.....	\$ 5.
1 set of vestments.....	25.
1 missal .....	10.
1 set of altar cards.....	10.
1 set of Mass cruets.....	2.
1 wooden altar.....	100.
Chapel .....	500.

#### For Maryknoll Chapels

2 albs .....	\$25.
1 dozen amices.....	10.
1 missal (size 8 x 11).....	30.
1 Requiem missal.....	5.



One Maryknoll orphan takes care of another



"WHEN I asked Dad for the address of the Maryknoll priest a fellow writes to when he wants to be a missioner, Dad just laughed. Said I had lots of time!"

Never mind, Jackie; we're putting that address where you and your big brother can't miss it. Write to: *The Vocational Director, Maryknoll P. O., New York.*

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